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THE AMERICAN.

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THE AMERICAN.

VOL. XV.—NO. 386.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, with the previous Yankee celebration of Forefathers' Day, passed off pleasantly in all parts of the country, with no cloud except that caused, and in our neighborhood, by a great and fresh collision of laborers and employer. The amount and quality of the purchases made for Christmas gifts seemed to indicate that there was a fair degree of prosperity in the country, and this is borne out by the magnitude of the sales of great staples for the last half-year, though not by the prices obtained. The truth is that we are having a revival of business, which has not affected prices as much as could be desired. American producers are sailing as near to the wind as they can, and any sudden shift in the policy of the country would oblige a great part of them to stop. High prices certainly are not the hardship from which the country suffers the most, and Free Trade to reduce prices would be like letting blood from a depleted system.

In England, they seem to have had a more cheerful Christmas time than for years past. The average Englishman has a sort of callousness to other people's troubles, which enables him to forget the miseries of Ireland, the wretchedness of his own unemployed classes, and the storm-cloud on the Continent. So, because the year in his own shops and warehouses has been better than he feared it would be, and he builds some foolish hopes on Mr. Cleveland's message that he may make money next year out of "the States," he feels disposed to be jolly and spend his money freely. "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four, and no more" is the prayer of the undiluted Anglo-Saxon,—who is a South-Englanders always.

THE death of Mr. Manning must be a great loss to the Democratic party, and to Mr. Cleveland especially. When the President lost his first Mentor by the death of Mr. Tilden, it was Mr. Manning who stepped into his shoes and became Mr. Cleveland's guide, counsellor and friend in all matters of political and economic principle. It was he who brought the President out of his foggiest as regards the Tariff, and made a Free Trader of him. Report said that Mr. Manning took a seat in the Cabinet only as a temporary occupant, and to watch the members of the Cabinet who had presidential aspirations, that they might not interfere with his pupil's chances. The result showed that all this was a mistake. Mr. Manning was the most satisfactory of all Mr. Cleveland's advisers, apart from this cardinal fault of his attitude toward our national policy. He discovered in him administrative abilities which the general public had not known him to possess, and the announcement that his health would constrain him to retire from office was received with general regret, as no one knew how far his successor would be influenced by other Democratic vagaries of finance besides Free Trade. His death has been received with general and genuine expressions of regret from Republicans as well as Democrats.

In a letter replying to a Republican Club in Ohio, Mr. Sherman says he is opposed to the confirmation of Mr. Lamar as Justice of the Supreme Court, but that he thinks there will be a majority in favor. This means, of course, that there are some Republican Senators who will vote aye. Who are they?

It is intimated that an excuse given for an affirmative vote is that Mr. Cleveland, in naming any other Democrat for the place would only take a second piece from the same cloth. He might and he might not; if he did he would only have himself to blame. There are surely Southern Democrats against whom the objections to Mr. Lamar, as a member of the Supreme Court, would not lie.

Meantime it is gratifying that Mr. Sherman has the nerve to face this question. It would be much easier to yield to the nomination, and do a kindly personal service to Mr. Lamar.

AMONG the classes who resent Mr. Cleveland's Tariff proposals none are more emphatic than the American wool-growers. They have suffered already by the double reductions of the Tariff of 1883. Lower duties on wool have hurt them by stimulating the importation of foreign wool; while lower duties on woollens have reduced the home demand for wool of any kind. To be told, as they are by the President, that free trade in wool is a great need of the country is to add insult to injury. They have invested large amounts of capital in sheep on the supposition that the American people knew their own mind, and that the Tariff expressed their purpose to achieve their industrial independence as regards the native supply of this necessary staple. Yet they find an evident reluctance to retrace a false step which must interfere with this purpose, and they find our chief magistrate recommending that we give it up altogether—for free trade in wool would involve nothing less.

Of course there are some manufacturers who are short-sighted enough to agree with the President and to cry for "Free Wool!" as a necessity of their industries. In so far as this represents a demand for a free supply of wool of a grade not produced in America, it is worthy of consideration. If it be possible to readjust the Tariff so as to give free admission to coarse carpet wools, which we must have and do not grow, the change should be made on Protectionist principles. To tax such wools is more in accordance with the theory of Free Trade than that of Protection. But where this cry means an assumption that the Tariff exists for the sake of manufacturers, and not for the sake of the producer of the raw material, it is not worthy of the slightest attention. When the manufacturers of America become so short-sighted as to wish to exclude the farmers and the wool-growers from the benefit of the Tariff, the repeal of the Protective Tariff is in sight. It is just because they are not so foolish as this that the Tariff is strongly intrenched in the support of the American people.

We observe that the wool-growers of Texas are among those who resent the President's recommendations. If we may judge from the representatives Texas sends to Washington, her people favor Free Trade in everything except wool, just as those of Louisiana want Free Trade in everything but sugar, and those of Alabama in everything but iron ore. This was admitted in behalf of Alabama by Senator Pugh in a speech in which he advocated Mr. Cleveland's ideas with that notable exception. That is about as far as the average Democrat is apt to go in adherence to the Protective policy, and he generally does get that far. Mr. Bayard wanted protection for the parlor match industry prosecuted by his constituents, while Mr. Randall is ready for free trade in salt because his constituents import salt and do not make it. On that ground—"Free Trade for the rest of the country and Protection for my constituents"—they all can meet. Very well: let them unite their party on such a platform.

To comfort themselves for the general unsatisfactoriness of this Administration in the matter of Civil Service Reform, some of the ex-Republicans insist that it cannot be called wholly bad, since Mr. Edward O. Graves, a Republican, still remains in charge of the Treasury Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Do these gentlemen then wish us to understand that indiscriminate and unreserved dismissal of expert officials was the practice until Mr. Cleveland came into power and retained Mr. Graves? Yet many thousands of Democrats were left in quiet possession of their offices when the change of parties in 1861 gave the appoint-

ing power to the Republicans. To go still farther back, there were men appointed to important places in the Treasury Department in President Jackson's time, who were still holding those places under General Grant's presidency. No shift from Democrat to Whig or from Democrat to Republican had dislodged them, and unless they have died or become superannuated, they may be in office still. Indeed it is notable that Mr. Cleveland in several cases, as in the post-office at Louisville, dismissed from office Democrats who had been appointed by his Republican predecessors, and whose record for loyalty to the party was unimpaired. How futile to allege that Mr. Cleveland shows some soundness because one or two persons have not been dismissed. No doubt, in these cases, as in that of the New York postmaster, he regards their retention as purely exceptional, and not constituting any precedent. That was the language he used to Mr. Curtis and his friends, when he agreed not to put a Democrat into Mr. Pearson's place.

Let us have truth on both sides of the question. The New York *Tribune* meets the objection against postal telegraphy, that before we adopt it we should have the public service put on a non-partisan basis, by the answer that "an indispensable condition of 'that reform' is to put the Government in [into] the hands of the Republican party." The Republican party had the Government in its hands for a good many years after the war. Did it put the Civil Service upon a non-partisan basis, or restore the merchant marine, or abolish illiteracy, or do sundry other things which the Democratic party is now censured for not doing? And if the *Tribune* were made happy by the election of its favorite candidate, would we be any nearer to Civil Service Reform than we are to-day? It is no answer to point to the Pendleton-Eaton bill and its better enforcement under Mr. Arthur than under Mr. Cleveland. That bill only scratched the surface of the question and gave no real security for a non-partisan Civil Service.

It seems not impossible that Dakota will be admitted into the Union at the present session of Congress, either as a whole or after the scission of its northern half as separate territory. The chief obstacle to prompt action now seems to be the disagreement of the people of the present territory with regard to these two plans. A canvass of the members of the House of Representatives indicates that a majority are prepared to vote for admission. The Democratic objection to the measure has been weakened by the consideration that the admission of the new State can be so timed as to exclude it from voting at the next presidential election. This would not have been possible if the new State had been admitted a year ago; but it is well that even so much has been conceded to a sense of decency and the pressure of public opinion. Of course the Democrats will look around for a new Democratic State to balance Dakota. By the census of 1880 the population of three other territories was:

Utah, . . .	143,963.
Dakota, . . .	135,177.
New Mexico, . . .	119,565.

Dakota in 1885 took a local census, which returned 415,263; New Mexico did the same and counted 131,985. This makes the hardship of excluding Dakota the greater, since no other territory at the last census taken came up to the 154,000, which is the basis of representation in the present House, while Dakota has probably three times that number. But of course she could have but one representative until after a new apportionment based on the census of 1890. As to Utah, the quality of her population makes her a much more objectionable candidate for admission than any defect in the quantity. New Mexico's claim is not so strong as it looks, because of the great number of Indians and Mexican aliens in her population, but she furnishes the only possible material now in view for a new Democratic State.

THE strike of all the men employed in handling freight on the Reading Railroad system is a most unfortunate addition to the industrial troubles of the Middle States, and must add to the diffi-

culties already created in the matter of a sufficient coal supply for this winter. As our readers know, we have tried to look at both sides in these disputes, and to do full justice to the organized bodies of workmen who are engaged in them. But in this case we find no sufficient excuse for the action taken by the workmen. The railroad cannot be held responsible when its customers quarrel with the Knights of Labor, and cannot but resist to the utmost every attempt to hold it to such a responsibility. It did right when it ordered the dismissal of the workmen who refused to obey orders on that plea; and the Knights did wrong in ordering a general strike until they were restored.

It is, in fact, one of the most important of all the issues involved in the general railroad question that the railroads should be held strictly to the line of their accountability to the public as common carriers. Their duty to accept business from all persons, and to perform it for all, on equal conditions, is the duty that must be demanded of them, and in which the working people are as deeply interested as any one. It may seem a convenient and short way for the Knights of Labor, when engaged themselves in a controversy with some shipper, to demand that the railroad discriminate against him, but the principle of discrimination covers a species of oppression against which the whole country has been obliged to protest. To help strengthen and restore it would be a most fatal policy for any workingman.

SOME of our contemporaries assume that the inconvenience and injury which the strike inflicts upon the public renders it quite needless to enter upon any discussion of the merits of the dispute. But the public have in their own hands the opportunity for a remedy against such injuries which they have failed to make any use of. Let the Legislature provide for thirty days' notice of strikes, lock-outs and dismissal of regular employes, under proper penalties, whenever the industry concerned is one which involves the immediate supply of social needs, and has a monopoly of supply. Such are gas-works, water-works and transportation companies of all kinds. The term of notice, by giving the contestants time to cool, would obviate nearly all strikes, and the equal application of the principle to both parties to the controversy would prevent even the seeming of injustice.

It is proposed seriously in Memphis to ostracise the members of the School Board because they refused an appointment to the daughter of an officer in the Confederate army. As the School Board certainly is not a Republican body, there seems to be no ground on which to charge this decision to partiality of any kind. It is assumed that such places are the right of those whose relatives distinguished themselves in the effort to break up the Union, and that a school board which fails to recognize this fact, and which appoints others on the ground of superior merit, should be taught its duty by a boycott. It is only wicked Republicans at the North who drag into life the issues of the war! Of course there are Southern Democrats who resent and rebuke such folly. The editor of the *Avalanche* does so. But that he has need to remind his readers that the war is over is itself a comment on the situation not creditable to the South.

It is such news as this which gives force to the suggestion of Mr. Wolcott, the young orator from Colorado, at the Forefathers' Dinner in New York. He said:

"The Civil War made nothing right that was wrong before, and nothing wrong that was right before; it simply settled the question of where the great strength lay. We know that

'Who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe,'

and that if more remains to be done, it must come because the hearts of men are changed. The war is over; the very subject is hackneyed; it is a tale that is told, and commerce and enlightened self-interest have obliterated all lines. And yet you must forgive us if, before the account is finally closed, and the dead, and the woe, and the tears are balanced by all the blessings of a reunited country, some of us still listen for a voice we have not yet heard; if we wait for some Southern leader to tell us that renewed participation in the management of the affairs of this nation carries with it the admission

that the question of the right of secession is settled, not because the South was vanquished, but because the doctrine was and is wrong, forever wrong."

THERE has been some discussion evoked in New York by the withdrawal of the Presbyterian Hospital from the Hospital Sunday Association, which aims to promote general liberality to these institutions by a concerted movement. It seems to us that the managers of the hospital in question were entirely within their right in the matter. The Association, when they entered it, was pledged by its constitution not to interfere with the reception of gifts designated as for some particular hospital. If Dr. John Hall's church took up a collection on Hospital Sunday, and sent it to the Association, for the Presbyterian Hospital, it went without deduction or diversion to that institution, while its amount appeared in the accounts of the Association. But of late years the Association altered its constitution, forbade the several hospitals to supplement its own general by their special appeals, and even claimed the right to withhold one-fourth of designated gifts when their amount was in excess of a specified sum. Of course it would be a beautiful sight if all the people of the city were ready for complete coöperation in the support of these charities. But as a matter of fact they are not. The Presbyterian Hospital owes its existence to the interest which Presbyterians feel in the work of their own church, and must owe much of its support to the continuance of that interest. So they are acting upon principles recognized by everybody in other matters, when they decline to have their gifts diverted from their own institution to others in which their interest is less lively. Had the Association set out with the constitution they now have, the hospital in question never would have given its adhesion to its methods. And the Association will doubtless find that it will have to retrace its steps.

A DISPATCH from London to the New York *Mail and Express*, dated the day before Christmas, describes the progress of the Protectionist movement in England more exactly than we have seen done elsewhere. It says:

"Despite the manifest and strong reluctance of the Conservative leaders to identify themselves with a fair trade policy, the movement is spreading rapidly in the rank and file of the party and carrying the great body of Tories away from the party leaders. The agitation is now working from below upward, and soon its general adoption by the mass will force the leaders to recognize the absolute necessity of inserting in the electoral platform of the party some sort of protection plank. A number of the Radicals are much inclined to assist the Fair Trade agitation, in favor of moderate duties on imported manufactures. As in the case of the Conservatives, the symptoms of Radical upheaval concerning Free Trade are found in the lower strata of the party. The Radical workmen's clubs are debating the fair trade question very keenly, and many of the clubs at the manufacturing centres have already declared in favor of protective duties. The question will come before the meeting of the Conservative members of Parliament, which will be held the week that Parliament reassembles. It is estimated that the fair trade members of the government party number eighty-five. The leaders of this section in the House of Commons are Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, member for Sleaford, and Howard Vincent, member for Sheffield. There is no chance of this discussion reaching an acute stage or causing party discussion; but the Fair Traders are determined that they will not permit the government to ignore the movement."

The only recent backset to the movement is the temporary effect which Mr. Cleveland's message has had in enheartening the Free Traders. An English M. P. says in the New York *Herald*: "If his preliminary skirmish leads to a dispersion of the Fair Traders, a unique distinction will belong to an American President,—that of destroying an English party." The wish is father to the thought.

THE Roman Catholic world is interested in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the induction of Pope Leo XIII. to the priesthood—a jubilee celebrated by the friends of every priest who attains to it, but especially in the case of those who have attained high distinction in the hierarchy. Leo XIII. has acquired the affectionate loyalty of his own ecclesiastical children and the respect of Protestants, by the dignity and purity of his personal life, and the wisdom he has shown in filling a very difficult place. His

worst difficulties have been his inheritance of unhappy traditions from his predecessor, whose passionate assertion of the temporal power as a divine right of the Church, and almost as a dogma binding the conscience of her priests and people, embarrasses the Papacy in its relation to Italy and the whole state system of Europe. Pius IX. made it quite impossible for his immediate successor to recede from any part of the claim, or to tolerate any dissent within the Church as to its righteousness. A man of as much diplomatic experience as Leo XIII. must know that the world's *Non possumus* on the point is just as emphatic and as final as any that the Church can utter. Yet he has been obliged to adjust the whole policy of his government with reference to this claim, and to refuse any *modus vivendi* with Italy as long as nothing but the Vatican is given him for his principality. This, we take it, is not his own preference, but the result of the pressure of an environment which his predecessor created, and which he has not been able to bring into harmony with his own ideas. His rebuke of Cardinal Pitra and his tenderness to Padre Curci both show that his heart is not with the ultra-Churchmen, whom Pius IX. especially loved and patronized. The longer he lives, the more his real tendency will manifest itself, as his fresh creations and appointments fill the vacancies in the College of Cardinals and the congregations with men of his own ways of thinking.

One of his greatest achievements has been his reestablishment of peace with Germany. With Pius IX. still alive, the *Cultur-Kampf* would be still going on. But he showed the weakness of the diplomatic temper when he purchased concessions for the Church by sacrifices to the Moloch of militarism.

THE work of Coercion goes on bravely in Ireland and in one respect it has had a success. It has sifted the more conservative men out of the National League, by fear of arrest and imprisonment, so that it is passing under the control of the hot-heads, to the great injury of the social order. Indeed every move the Castle government has made has been of ultimate danger to the public peace. Now that attendance at a League meeting in many counties is a matter of personal danger, the prudent stay away, and those who have less to fear and less to lose are acquiring a power which they have not had for years past. At the same time, the social pressure which the League exerts is not in the least diminished. The respectable may stay away, but they must obey its orders, and those orders are more exacting because they have had no power to moderate their terms. A curious instance of the power exerted by the boycott is the surrender of Sir John Arnott, the proprietor of the *Irish Times*. This is the paper whose staff collects the details of Irish "crimes and outrages," to send all over the world. Its editorial staff is Scotch as well as its proprietor, and the only thing Irish about it is its name and its place of publication. It has had nothing but abuse for the Home Rule party, and although it is Whig in its own politics, it has had nothing but praise for Tory coercion. The acts which have alienated the *Echo*, the Unionist Whig organ in London, have not distressed its Dublin contemporary in the least. Yet a proposal to boycott Sir John Arnott's Cork business of some sort at once brought the burly Scot to his knees. He sent a subscription to the Cork branch of the League, and avowed his entire disapproval of the conduct of the Tories in their treatment of purely political prisoners.

But will Sir John tune his Dublin paper accordingly? What will it have to say of the stripping two members of Parliament by main force, in order to make them to wear the prison garb? What will it say of the attempt to divest Father Ryan of his clerical dress for the same purpose? This last is an outrage to the religious feelings of the Irish majority, for which there is no recent precedent. Mr. Forster never attempted such a thing, and indeed he took a good deal of care not to complicate the negotiations of his friends with the Vatican by arresting priests. Mr. Balfour is more consistent, although his friends among the English Catholic aristocracy are as eager as ever at the work of enlisting the Papacy to put down Home Rule.

At the last session of the British Parliament a bill was passed to create a commission with power to revise the judicial rents ordered by Mr. Gladstone's land courts, if the fall in the price of farm produce should be found to have made the reduction necessary. As the commission was made up of a Tory, a Whig, and a renegade Nationalist, the public did not expect much from it. Now, at last, after half a year of deliberation, it has reached the conclusion that the tenants are entitled to a reduction of from six to twenty-two per cent. on the judicial rents. At least the Tory and the Whig agree to this, but Judge O'Hagan, true to his new convictions, dissents from even this poor concession. As the Plan of Campaign is based on the demand for a much greater reduction, and as a great number of landlords have acceded to the demand, the decision of the commissioners is worthless except as an admission that the tenants are entitled to some relief. But the most of them will fight it out on the line they already had taken.

The landlords, on the other hand, are disgusted and indignant, not so much at the extent of the reduction, as at the concession of any. It drives them from their stronghold, the sacredness of a judicial rent, and makes the whole future uncertain to them.

THE German aggressions in Samoa are so clearly in defiance of the agreements made by that country with the United States and the United Kingdom, that both countries have acquired the right to interfere for the protection of this inoffensive people. In its eagerness for new colonies the German government shows a callous recklessness as to native rights and international opinion, which could be acquired only in the atmosphere of a Prussian barrack. It outdoes even British insolence, and hardly makes the affectation of recognizing in the dark-skinned races any rights which the white races are bound to consider, much less respect. Indeed in some recent cases, as in breaking down the quarantine at Yokohama in 1876, the English have found the exuberant and gratuitous brutality of the German authorities a very useful instrument to open the way for their own plans.

In Samoa one king has been deposed because he respected the duties and claimed the rights specified in his treaties with the other two powers. In his place has been put a worthless fellow, who is simply a tool of the Germans. All this the English and American governments bear in silence, and when an American ship of war appears at the islands, she finds the shore lined with German sentinels to prevent her crew from landing, and the natives are forbidden to hold any communication with the vessel. What next, Mr. Bayard?

THE NEW YEAR.

THERE is something pathetic in the hope of civilized mankind for something new. The eagerness with which the world scans its daily newspaper rests in the last analysis, on its confidence that the present state of affairs is not the best possible, and that it is worth while to look forward to better things to come. All down the course of history we see men straining forward in this way, and no one gets their ear more readily or their heart more entirely than he who predicts a golden age yet to come. A great part of the power and attraction of Christianity lay in this. While the other creeds were doubtful of the future, or spoke gloomily of it, the Gospel bade men hope, and even exalted hope to the rank of a cardinal virtue beside faith and charity. It spoke to society of a renewal of the earth unto peace and righteousness. It pointed the individual to a better life beyond death, in which society would still exist, and man's highest aspirations be realized in an existence of less friction than this.

So New Year's day comes to us as the festival of hope, as Christmas is the festival of charity. It is the turning of a new leaf, and great things may lie for us on the fresh pages. Only the cynic thinks its records will be just the same as those of the past. It is our nature to hope they will be better than we yet have had. Whatever our ideal for ourselves, we are confident the year will

bring us nearer to it. It may be a low ideal—mere gain, or fame or pleasure. It may be a high one—use, wisdom, and worth. In either case the new year blends itself with our plans and expectations, and we turn to it with a fresh joy of expectancy.

The deepest vindication of this perennial hopefulness is faith in the divine renewal. If the future can grow out of the past only by laws of necessary causation, then it never can be anything higher or better than the past. It will be the reaping of the harvest the past has sowed,—nothing better. And for most of us, if not all of us, that is exactly what we do not want, that is what we have the most reason to fear. We need new force, new uplifting power in our lives, not the mere repetition of the old. It is the faith that the new is possible to us which makes life tolerable, and hope perennial. And the new year will be more truly such in proportion as we get down to the deep things of life, and bring ourselves into the line of those eternal forces, which renew the spirit of man with a new spring time, and open new doors of experience and life to him. That is what men really are after in all their search for novelty, their craving for some new thing. When that comes they can rest in it, for they have got to the hard pan. But to doubt that, and to take up the cry of the disappointed and disheartened Hebrew: "There is nothing new under the sun," is to get into the deepest slough of unbelief. "I pray you" says John Ruskin, "to prove and know within your hearts that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that for their parts they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let each leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength gained for yourselves." That is the spirit in which to begin the new year.

"IF HE WANTS IT."

THE suggestion has been very coolly made, and is as coolly repeated in certain quarters, that "Mr. Blaine can have the nomination if he wants it." This is merely one way of misrepresenting the actual situation, in the interest of that sort of "boom" which is so much employed and beloved by Mr. Blaine's advocates. As a matter of fact, there is no possibility of the nomination being tendered him by the convention. If he should get it at all, which we do not now believe possible, it would be as the result of a contest, like that of 1884, but more prolonged and severe.

The reason of this simply is that the party does not want to load up Mr. Blaine, again. It has its own work in hand, not his ambitions and interests. In 1876 he was pressed upon it; in 1880 he was again a candidate for its nomination; in 1884 his claims were presented a third time; and now in 1888 it is still "the same story continued." The party is tired of his case. It has made an earnest and honest effort to elect him, without success. It cannot afford to give a quarter of a century, in a most momentous period of American history, to the effort to carry and elevate a single one of its members. If Mr. Blaine were much more entirely its leader and representative; if his services to it had been immensely more valuable; if his statesmanlike qualities were multiplied; there would still be neither reason nor justice in its forsaking its legitimate duties to the country, and becoming a mere pack-horse for his concerns.

It is perfectly evident, as we have said, that there is no general willingness to give him the nomination. Any pretense of that sort collapses the moment it is examined. Every test of the public opinion of the party exhibits a thorough distrust of the possibility of his election, and an anxiety to secure a stronger candidate. The canvass of the delegates to the New York State Convention, the canvass of members-elect of the New York Legislature, the canvass of Republican members of Congress, the inquiry just made among the Republican newspapers of Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri,—all these develop the same state of facts, and prove the wide-spread prevalence of the wish to take a new man. Moreover, the new men are already suggested. There are certainly half a dozen other prominent candidates besides Mr. Blaine. Mr.

Sherman will have a large following outside his own State of Ohio. He will have, we believe, delegates from fifteen or twenty other States, including Pennsylvania. Indiana will send, it is now quite certain, a solid delegation for General Harrison. Connecticut is very likely to do as much for General Hawley. And there will be votes for Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Allison, Governor Rusk, Senator Cullom, and perhaps as many more.

Nobody presumes to doubt these facts. They are perfectly well known. What, then, do they show? Do they signify that the convention is going to tender its nomination to Mr. Blaine on a silver plate? The absurdity of such a theory is manifest the moment the facts themselves are admitted. It is evident that the party is seeking its best candidate. It is undertaking, now, not futile attempts at redressing the past, but the performance of the duties of the present and future. The milk that was spilled on the ground in 1884 by the combined misfortunes which brought defeat in New York is spilled entirely. No amount of bewailing can recompense the loss, and no sort of effort can gather up the milk. That chapter is closed, and the plain duty of the Republican party is to go forward upon a fresh line of attack. Its candidates and itself have now a clean sheet. There are no old claims. It owes Mr. Blaine nothing whatever. If there be any debt either way it is from him to the party for the great and fruitless effort which it made to serve him, and for the disaster which his candidacy entailed upon it. Such a debt Mr. Blaine can with difficulty discharge, but one of the means of undertaking to do so would be for him to withdraw from the canvass. As it is plain he cannot get the nomination, except by a struggle, and in all probability cannot get it at all, he must certainly see that the party would be relieved by his withdrawal, and that at a time so tremendously critical in the history of American affairs he should not selfishly add to the party's embarrassments and burdens.

Meantime, let no one be so weak as to be deceived by the pretense that Mr. Blaine's nomination is something certain, "if he wants it." The sober sense of the Republican party does not want him, and it is showing the fact more openly every day.

MODERN LANGUAGES IN EDUCATION.

THE annual meeting of the Modern Languages Association, in the chapel of the University of Pennsylvania, opened on Wednesday evening with an address of welcome from Provost Pepper, and another on the place held by these languages in education from Superintendent MacAlister. The latter declared that the day is coming when the two classic tongues must cease to form the backbone of the educational system in our colleges. He did not desire to see the study of Greek and Latin discontinued, but only to see them placed on a footing of perfect equality with the great languages and literatures of the modern world. He insisted that the best culture must concern itself with what lies nearer to us and concerns us more directly than do the literature, culture, and history of antiquity, which are so much less rich and varied and interesting than our own. And he claimed that the study of modern literature gave a keener gratification to our sense of the beautiful, and a finer exercise of the faculties in philological analysis and literary criticism, than could be found in Greek and Latin.

It seems to us that Mr. MacAlister throughout his address confounded the educational use of literature with its enjoyment in mature life. Nobody now claims that the man who circumscribes his reading to the "classics" has attained the level of genuine culture. In later life every truly educated man finds nurture in varied fields of literary excellence, and learns to appreciate many sorts of style besides the repose of the classic authors. But this does not in the least affect the claim that Greek and Latin furnish a finer intellectual gymnastic than French and German. They do so because there is a parallel growth of the race and of the individual man, and they fit into the development of the boy and youth with a congeniality which no other languages and literatures can rival. Greece—as nearly every student of the philosophy of history has noted—is the incarnation of youth, with its vigor and spontaneity. Its characteristic heroes from Achilles to Alexander are young men. Rome represents the young manhood of the world, when youth begins to bind upon itself the restraints of law. And so these two languages illustrate the vitality of words and the laws of their government as do no others.

Over against the classics Mr. MacAlister put Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe, as representing an intellectual wealth

more akin to our thoughts and modern surroundings. We venture to doubt if Dante is nearer to the modern world than Cicero or Plutarch. We doubt this equally of Cervantes. The circle of ideas in which Dante moved has been broken for us by the influence of the classic authors, whose study began after his time. The gap between us and Dante is greater than between us and Plutarch. Modern culture begins with the emergence of the Western world out of mediævalism, to which some praisers of what is modern would carry us back.

We note that Mr. MacAlister mentioned no French author in his list of the *Di Majores*. Is not Victor Hugo a greater man than Cervantes? We do not hesitate to place "*Les Misérables*" above the painful and shocking picture of a noble but deranged mind, on which the Spaniard has concentrated the laughter of mankind. "*Don Quixote*" is farther from the humanities of our civilization than any great book that has earned the rank of a classic. "*Les Misérables*" throbs in nearly every page with the best and kindest sympathies which stir our century. If Hugo is to be excluded as too recent to be held a classic, is not this a concession that educational culture at least cannot deal with what lies nearest to us and is most in line with our modern surroundings?

This brings us to the main point of our objection. Is it not the best method in education which lifts a man completely out of his environment, and compels him to look at life through the eyes of men who saw with wonderful clearness, but through entirely different glasses, just because they shared none of the assumptions and prepossessions which have become our intellectual stock in trade? What is all the cry for modernism, but a kind of intellectual parochialism, whose logical outcome would be the neglect of all languages and literatures but our own? Why, indeed, learn any language but English, since the best things in all other languages are rendered into that? Is it not better to "cross by the bridge" of translation than to swim the Charles River of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, equally as of Latin and Greek? The reason why the study of other languages is better than ours is that no gain can be greater to a growing mind than the acquisition of another vocabulary than the vernacular, even though it were but Choctaw. And the gain is the greater when the new language possesses that more elaborate grammatical structure, and those more philosophic rules of government, which characterize all the earlier forms of grammatical language and find their finest expression in Greek and Latin.

It is said that Greek and Latin are unfairly favored in our college system. We are not aware that this is so. In our scientific and other courses they are excluded, and the modern languages substituted. In our Faculties of Arts they are compulsory only through the earlier years of the course. Nobody finds either Greek or Latin in the way of his learning everything else that an American college has to teach, or of his getting a college degree. The only grievance left is that the particular degree which stands associated historically with the study of Greek and Latin is not given to graduates who omit those languages. This seems to us a confession of the weakness of "the new education." If the "modern" wine is so much better why does it need to borrow the old bush to attract customers? It ought to be able to make its own degrees as attractive, popular, and honorable as the degrees in arts. It does not do so because, after all the talk against the classics, the public retains a half-intelligent faith in classical education, based on its sense of the difference in the results. I have had as a teacher of Political Economy in the senior classes of the University a fair opportunity of comparing the results. While it is true that a good number of our scientific students show the fruits of a genuine culture in their power to grasp social problems, I find that this average in the respect is much lower than with the students in Arts. My experience has confirmed me in the belief that the young men who fail to acquire acquaintance with the classic tongues in their youth incur a loss which nothing will replace to them.

R. F. T.

DARWIN'S LIFE AND LETTERS.¹

THE biography of a man eminent in any branch of worldly activity is always worth reading, and usually much profit can be derived from the plain statement of facts which make up a career. But it is rarely that a biography so presents itself as to bring the reader into immediate contact with the subject, to make his individuality, as it were, a part of the individuality of the master whose acquaintance he is forming, and thus to establish a bond of sympathy between the receiving mind and the mind already made. This quality of approximation is eminently embodied in the work before us, and gives to it that charm which fastens, from page to

¹ THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN, including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. London and New York, (Am. Ed., D. Appleton & Co.), 2 vols. 1887.

page, the attention and interest of the reader. He feels as though he were in the presence of the benevolent investigator himself, poring with him over manuscript or peeping into a pot of germinating beans, assisting in an experiment here, or thoughtfully strolling over the gravel-walk of the seat of Down, or participating in the joyful gatherings of a home which was made dear through the unswerving attachment of an affectionate wife and a large and dutiful family. Two of Mr. Darwin's sons have attained to enviable fame, and their mark had already been made during the life-time of the father. One, George, who only three years since took for his life-companion a fair citizen of our own metropolis, is professor of astronomy in the University of Cambridge, and, although barely in the prime of manhood, already ranks as one of the foremost investigators of the day. The other, Francis, whose work is more intimately associated with that of his father, has fully earned the recognition which the Royal Society has awarded him in electing him to membership in that distinguished body. To Mr. Francis Darwin the public owes a debt of gratitude for making known to the world the life-history of one of nature's noblest products—one of the greatest minds of this or any other age.

Mr. Darwin's scientific labors are so well known that no apology is needed for not referring to them in the short space at our command. From the year 1831, when he took service under Captain (afterward Admiral) Fitz-Roy in the ship "Beagle," to the year of his death, his life was one of ceaseless mental activity, which not even a forty-years period of severe illness, brought about as the result of his voyage around the globe, was allowed to seriously influence. One marvels at the quantity and variety of work which this single mind was able to compass, especially under the unfavorable physical conditions with which it had constantly to battle. It was the quality of steadfast adherence to regularity in work, of persistence along definitely predetermined lines of research, which permitted Mr. Darwin, shattered in constitution almost from his youth, to accomplish what he did.

It is difficult to form a just estimate of Mr. Darwin's innate capacities. To those qualified to appreciate the full depth of his researches he appears like a towering genius, the plane of whose intellectuality soars far above the gifts that have made many other men great. But if by genius we understand that embodiment of subtle brain-power which permits not only of the creation of thought or idea, or the execution of action impossible to the ordinary mind, but also of a ready analysis and grasp of subject, then Mr. Darwin was not a genius. He more nearly conforms to that conception of a genius which is defined by an illimitable capacity to do work. No more interesting part of the "Life" is to be found than that wherein Mr. Darwin makes an estimate of his own abilities, or where, with his usual modesty, he calls attention to his short-comings. "I have," he writes, "no great quickness of apprehension or wit which is so remarkable in some clever men, for instance, Huxley. I am, therefore, a poor critic: a paper or book, when first read, generally excites my admiration, and it is only after considerable reflection that I perceive the weak points. My power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited, and therefore I could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics. * * * * * On the favorable side of the balance, I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent."

Mr. Darwin's works are so replete with facts and observations of all kinds, and with references to the investigations of others who preceded him, that it would appear all but impossible that his memory could have been other than of the most retentive kind. But we are informed that while it was extensive, it was "yet hazy: it suffices to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or on the other hand in favor of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority. So poor, in one sense, is my memory, that I have never been able to remember for more than a few days a single date or a line of poetry." Possibly, however, the deficiency last referred to may in a measure be attributed to a natural lack of sympathy with poetic expression, for it appears that Mr. Darwin, while appreciative in his youth of the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, and above all of Shakespeare, barely paid attention to poetry in his later days. Writing in 1881 he remarks: "But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. * * * * * On the other hand, novels, which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A sur-

prising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman, all the better."

Young Darwin appears in a general way to have been fond of both music and painting, although individually he was neither a performer nor draftsman; indeed, his inability to draw was by him considered to be one of his greatest deficiencies, and one which he never ceased to lament. He was also passionately fond of natural scenery, the taste for which he doubtless acquired during his early rambles as a sportsman. But in advanced life these tastes gradually vanished or weakened, and made room for the all-absorbing study of his life. Mr. Darwin thus beautifully expresses himself on this point: "My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

We have purposely selected these passages from the work, in preference to details bearing upon Mr. Darwin's actual labors, as best exhibiting the man as man, rather than scientist. The wonderful change of opinion which has come about during the last twenty-eight years, or since the publication of the "Origin of Species," on the special subjects which just fifty years ago first attracted Mr. Darwin's attention, is the most emphatic testimony to the depth and nature of those remarkable researches which have made Darwin and Darwinism household words throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. It can safely be said that the labors of no single individual have done more to influence the tendencies of modern thought, and there are not many whose labors have done as much. Yet the storm of protest and opposition which met the presentation of the "Origin of Species," coming alike from both scientist and layman, was of a kind that would have smothered the most brilliant conception, were it not for the spark of truth with which it was kindled. The unanimity of opinion of to-day stands in sharp contrast to the criticism of thirty years ago. Louis Agassiz, the most distinguished naturalist of the Western hemisphere, then wrote: "Until the facts of nature are shown to have been mistaken by those who have collected them, and that they have a different meaning from that now generally assigned to them, I shall therefore consider the transmutation theory as a scientific mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its method, and mischievous in its tendency." The Rev. Professor Houghton, in his address to the Dublin Geological Society, swept off the theory with the statement that everything new that it contained was false, and what was true was old, while Bishop Wilberforce held up to scorn the author of the "utterly rotten fabric of guess and speculation," whose "mode of dealing with nature" was "utterly dishonorable to natural science." To-day Prof. Huxley writes: "I do not think that there is a single zoölogist, or botanist, or paleontologist, among the multitude of active workers of this generation, who is other than an evolutionist, profoundly influenced by Darwin's views. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the particular theory put forth by Darwin, I venture to affirm that so far as my knowledge goes, all the ingenuity and all the learning of hostile critics has not enabled them to adduce a solitary fact, of which it can be said, this is irreconcilable with the Darwinian theory."

The exhaustive character of Mr. Darwin's special researches, and the great care exercised in their direction, may be best estimated from the length of time which was put to them by their author. When some years ago Darwin's name was first placed before the French Academy of Sciences for election to membership, it was objected, we believe, by Robin, that the candidate's work was all of a theoretical character, and could not be considered to add substantially to scientific knowledge. Yet the two ponderous volumes on the organization of the Cirripedia (barnacles), published by the Ray Society, in 1854, which still constitute the standard work on the subject, consumed full eight years of steady work! M. Robin could well profit from Mr. Darwin's own modest opinion of himself when he says: "On the whole I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly overpraised."

In concluding our notice of this most interesting biography we may be permitted to add—and this applies equally to the part contributed by Mr. Francis Darwin—that it is written in the same

delightful vein which is such a marked characteristic of all of Mr. Darwin's writings. It is almost inconceivable that the author of the charming pages of the "Voyage of the Beagle" should have ever experienced "much difficulty" in expressing himself "clearly and concisely," or that he could have been subject to "a sort of fatality" in his mind leading him to put at first his "statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form." That Mr. Darwin's success as a man of science was due largely to his "love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense," as explained by himself, is undeniably true; but these qualities alone are not what made him the Newton of the Nineteenth Century.

ANGELO HEILPRIN.

RECENT POLITICAL ECONOMY.¹

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, with all its progressiveness in other directions, is likely to become famous as the last stronghold of conservative ideas in the matter of Political Economy. It was supposed that Professor Dunbar was deeply affected by the ideas of the new or "historical school" of economists; but he has taken pains to disabuse the public of that mistake. His juniors in the same department, Profs. Laughlin and Taussig, are equally insensible to the force of the criticisms which have been directed against the assumptions, methods, and results of the traditional teachings. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that under their direction Harvard is now the only institution with any claims to eminence in the field where orthodoxy is entrenched. Even Yale has in Professor Farnum a representative of the new ideas, though Professor Sumner clings to the old, while Columbia, Cornell, John Hopkins, and the University of Pennsylvania, equally with the English, French, Belgian, and German Universities have ceased to walk in the lines laid down by Ricardo and his school. It is, however, true that the text-book prepared by Professor Laughlin by no means exhibits an entire insensibility to new ideas of every kind. A man who can write that "Christian character lies at the basis of industrial progress," differentiates himself from the older economists, who would have excluded such a statement as either false or as irrelevant; whereas it is neither one nor the other. But such openness of mind as he shows is due to his position in the midst of civilization which has outgrown the spirit of the old Political Economy. It is not in the economic side of his head that he is impressionable. So here we have the old doctrine of land, labor, wages, population, money, and international trade reproduced in a calm, unhesitating way, as though the accumulated criticism of half a century and more had not affected one of them.

In his dealing with the problem of Free Trade and Protection, Professor Laughlin reminds us of Agrippa's answer to Paul, as given in the Revised Version. He wants to make his refutation of Protection an easy job. At no point has he dealt with the arguments for Protection in any way that can be called exhaustive. For instance, he meets the argument from the need for varied industry with the answer that as soon as density of population calls for manufactures, they will arise with or without Protection. Why then do they not arise in Ireland, or why have they been extinguished in India and in the Flemish provinces of Belgium. These two latter countries were once the two great manufacturing centres of the world. They both are densely peopled. Flemish Belgium has the densest population of any considerable part of our earth's surface. Yet both have been reduced by unrestricted trade to agriculture alone.

Of the two answers to Mr. Henry George's theories that by Mr. Gunton is best worthy of attention, as a statement and defense of a rival reform for the cure of labor evils. His preliminary historical discussion possesses a value quite independent of his own theory, as a refutation of the notion that wages are governed purely by the supply and demand for labor. His own principle, that they rise or fall with the rise and fall of the standard of living among the wage-earners,—with the increase or diminution of the sum total of their wants,—is much nearer to the truth, but only a part of the truth. The sum of these wants is but the public opinion of one social class, whose weight and influence in the matter are rated as high by Mr. McCulloch and some other of the older

economists as by Mr. Gunton. But, as Prof. F. A. Walker was the first to point out, a far greater element is the general public opinion of the country, which accepts a certain minimum as the least it expects for the comfort of its people, and sustains them in demanding this. It is not class opinion but national opinion which does the most to regulate wages. And it is just the existence of a high ideal of comfort in this country which gives promise of the maintenance of the rate of wages. It is that opinion which expresses itself in the protective policy and the laws to shut out Chinese and European coolies. On the main contention of his book—the wisdom of reducing the hours of labor to eight—we find it hard to premise an opinion. Without being hostile to it, we should require a more thorough examination of the conditions of production than we have yet seen to satisfy us of its feasibility. But we can commend Mr. Gunton's book as a calm and instructive argument, which is entitled to consideration. And he deserves the thanks of all sound economists for his refutation of Prof. Thorold Rogers's wild and pessimistic statements as to the condition of labor in the Middle Ages as compared with our times.

Mr. Rutherford's book is devoted entirely to Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and is occupied with criticism in detail. We do not see that there is much to choose between the theories of Mr. George and the economic teachings which Mr. Rutherford draws from the English School of Ricardo and Malthus. The one accepts the existing order of society except on a single point, which he thinks vitiates the rest. The other accepts the whole order on ground which must array the mass of mankind against it, and lead on, (as Mill, Marks, and Lassalle foresaw), to a Socialism far more subversive than any Mr. George has advocated. As between the critic and his opponent, "pull baker, pull devil," say we. Mr. Rutherford has a lively and piquant style, and if Mr. George should read his book, he will get a warning as to carefulness in the use of terms.

Mr. Jacobson has two proposals for the cure of the labor difficulty. The first is that the nation shall levy a graduated succession tax on the estates of all deceased persons, ranging from a fourth of one per cent. on estates of less than \$25,000, up to fifty per cent. on estates of \$5,000,000 and upwards. The second is that the proceeds shall be given to establish manual training schools throughout the country as a part of the public school system, and to pay parents to keep their children at these schools, from their twelfth to their twentieth year. He illustrates the methods of the proposed education by a full account of the Manual Labor School in Chicago. It seems to us that Mr. Jacobson forgets that very much of the labor employed in the industries of this and every other country is such as could get no benefit out of Manual Labor Schools. What would his plan do for train-hands or people employed in the coal-breakers? Of course such instruction is desirable and should be diffused much more widely than it is. But it cannot furnish any solution of the labor problem. And we doubt the feasibility of promoting it by a tax, which rich men would evade by giving away the bulk of their estates in their life-time.

THE SAN FRANCISCO "VIGILANCE COMMITTEES."¹

TO the Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856 Mr. Bancroft had expected at first to allow but a chapter or two in his voluminous history of the Pacific Coast. But having gathered a vast pile of documentary evidence, he has found it easier to make two volumes than to compress the matter within more reasonable limits. He has not confined himself even to a narrative of the California uprisings, which he has dignified by the name of "popular tribunals," but discusses similar movements throughout the history of the world, and expounds the theory of government by which he considers they are justified. He assumes as a basis of this theory "the right of the governed at all times to instant and arbitrary control of the government." Anarchists could not ask for more than the admission and application of this "dissolute principle of political ethics," as it is termed by the author himself. Sober-minded believers in republican government must reject it as an insane perversion of a great principle. "Popular Tribunals" is a misnomer from the outset, and Mr. Bancroft's rhetorical pleading for a republic "regulated" by lynch-law infects what might and should have been an important contribution to the study of the development of American institutions.

These volumes are swollen not only by the attempt to justify lynch-law, but also by the accumulation of unnecessary details of the California practice. Some of Mr. Bancroft's former volumes were encumbered with barren names and incidents of early settlements, but these are fairly swamped with newspaper clippings and extracts from obsolete documents. The historian is under obligation to exercise more rigid scrutiny, selection, and compression than the editor of a daily newspaper. His readers wish for

¹ THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. With some Application to the Questions of the Day. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Harvard University. [Appleton's Science Text-Books, VIII.] Pp. xxiv and 363. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WEALTH AND PROGRESS. A Critical Examination of the Labor Problem. The Natural Basis for Industrial Reform, or How to Raise Wages without Reducing Profits or Lowering Rents: The Economic Philosophy of the Eight-Hour Movement. By George Gunton. Pp. xxiii. and 382. Same Publishers.

HENRY GEORGE VERSUS HENRY GEORGE. A Review by R. C. Rutherford. Pp. vi. and 329. Same Publishers.

HIGHER GROUND TOWARD SETTLING THE LABOR TROUBLES. By Augustus Jacobson. Pp. 257. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

¹ POPULAR TRIBUNALS. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. I. Pp. xlii. and 749; Vol. II. Pp. viii. and 772. San Francisco: The History Company, Publishers. 1887

the spirit rather than the body of past times. Among the extraneous matters which Mr. Bancroft has admitted to his pages is the absurd story making Ireland the birthplace of the name, if not of the practice, of lynch-law.

There was a time, even after the discovery of gold and the first rush of adventurers, when San Francisco was almost an Arcadian community. The canvas of a tent was sufficient protection for personal property even in the owner's absence. But by 1851 such primitive confidence in everybody's honesty had passed away. Convicts from Botany Bay, roughs from New York, greasers from Mexico, celestials from China, villains from Chili, and rascals from all parts, had demoralized the booming town. The first Vigilance Committee was formed on the 9th of June, 1851, by leading business men, alarmed at the increase of crime, and the failure of the authorities to suppress the growing evil. One hundred names were signed to its constitution and by-laws, and Samuel Brannan, who had once been a Mormon preacher, was made its President. On the next day it began its work by capturing an English convict who had stolen a small safe from a merchant's office. Before the following daybreak he was hanged. This promptness and vigor increased the membership five-fold. The Executive Committee acted on its own responsibility. Through its instrumentality criminals were caught, four were hanged, many were publicly whipped, many more banished from the city. Every vessel from Australia was overhauled for disreputable characters, and on its return voyage carried off some exiles. One newspaper of the city opposed the movement, three sustained it. The Mayor and the Governor of the State issued proclamations against it, without effect. Courts and grand juries uttered their protest, but in vain. The most active opponent was David C. Broderick, who afterwards obtained a seat in the United States Senate. The committee, however, with the approval of a great part of the respectable portion of the community, continued to prosecute its work until the 30th of June, 1852, when it dissolved. The city then had been freed from professional criminals, and the courts were regarded as adequate to the administration of justice. Meantime, similar committees had been instituted in other places in California, and a system of communication was established among them. The record of their achievements, occasionally diversified by the accidental killing of one of their own members, forms a Newgate Calendar, unworthy of detail in an American history.

Mr. Bancroft, though their advocate, incidentally gives the true explanation of the conditions which produced these "popular tribunals," and therein condemns them. "All the interests and instincts of the class composing the Vigilance Association were opposed to meddling in politics. Money was what they wanted: protection for their property, and that safety for themselves which would enable them to increase it. It was a lack of interest in the affairs of the government that had brought all this trouble upon them. If from the beginning the members of the Vigilance Committee had done their duty as citizens, and voted honest and efficient men into office, there would have been no need of their organizing a special crusade against crime." For the time, they were successful in their aim. The thunder-storm seemed to have purified the air and the whole community breathed more freely. The merchants resumed their ordinary dealings and left the management of public affairs to those who found pleasure and profit therein. The openly vile and criminal had been driven off, but those who had thriven most by corruption were still in power. These schemers maintained their place and worked according to their nature. In a few years the moral malaria again threatened the life of the community. At last an editor, who had personally suffered from villainy entrenched in power and had undertaken the Herculean task of exposing its misdeeds, was murdered on the highway. The murderer was a convict from Sing Sing who had risen to political prominence in the Land of Gold.

This bloodshed, in May, 1856, called into renewed activity the Vigilance Committee which had been slumbering for four years. William T. Coleman was President of the revived organization, which was even larger than the original. The authorities of both city and State were again opposed to the self-constituted tribunal, and a Law and Order party endeavored to baffle its movements. The Governor appointed William T. Sherman, then a banker in San Francisco, major-general of the militia. But even he was unable to effect anything without arms, which General John E. Wool, of the United States Army, prudently declined to furnish. Though General Sherman soon resigned his position, he is soundly berated by Mr. Bancroft for his part in the crisis and his subsequent report in his "Memoirs." The Committee had its headquarters in a warehouse which, after its defences had been constructed by a military engineer, became known as Fort Gunnybags. Here the murderer was hanged on the day of his victim's funeral. Others were tried, convicted, and promptly executed for similar crimes, while an English pugilist, who called himself Yankee Sullivan, committed suicide in his cell. Meantime

the State authorities were making vain efforts to organize armed opposition. In a street affray, Judge David S. Terry of the State Supreme Court, formerly a Texan Ranger, stabbed a member of the Committee. He was soon seized and remained a prisoner for seven weeks. His trial lasted twenty-five days, but, though he was convicted of assault with intent to kill, he was discharged. The Committee thus acknowledged the limit of its power. It could hang or banish, but for such crimes and such criminals as were then presented, it could inflict no adequate punishment. On the 18th of August, 1856, after a memorable career of three months, the Vigilance Committee closed its labors with a grand parade in which over six thousand persons participated. Warned by their bitter and costly experience, these men for several years gave judicious attention to politics and redeemed the fame of their city. The labor agitation, however, with Dennis Kearney as its apostle, brought new troubles, which Mr. Bancroft recounts in his closing chapter.

J. P. LAMBERTON.

RECENT POETRY.¹

THE mere sound of the word "tropical" seems to have an intoxicating effect on the poetic imagination. It heats the brain and fancy with gorgeous images—luminous seas and skies, gardens of wonderful bloom and perfume, and "Children of the Sun" of luxuriant beauty, and passions as fervid as the clime. In "Songs of the Mexican Seas" Joaquin Miller (for it seems more natural to use Mr. Heine's familiar "name of the pen" than any other title), has overcharged his verse with this heavy atmosphere. It is overlaid with the glow of color and heat, and equatorial intensity of some imaginary tropical clime, so that the native strength and vigor of his descriptive verse sink under such a load. The region of the first of the two poems is thus described:

"In that nude warm world, where the unnamed rivers
Roll restless in cradles of bright buried gold,
Where white flashing mountains flow rivers of silver
As a rock of the desert flowed fountains of old;
By a dark wooded river that calls to the dawn
And calls all day with his dolorous swan:

"In that land of the wonderful sun and weather
With green under foot and gold overhead,
Where the spent sun flames, and you wonder whether
'Tis an isle of fire on his foamy bed:
Where the oceans of earth shall be welded together
By the great French master in his forge flames red."

In this land, where

"The dark dewy vines and the tall sombre wood
Like twilight droop over the deep sweeping flood,"

a tropical maiden of intoxicating beauty meets a lover of heroic proportions and primeval ardor; and this exalted pair allow themselves to be burned to death in a forest fire, apparently because the lover prefers the passive bliss of clasping his bride in his arms to the active effort of saving her life. The poem is overwrought, and there is throughout a straining for intensity of effect that makes the whole volume seem unnatural and stilted, in spite of some good descriptive passages and occasional verses of truer tone.

The scene of the second poem, "The Rhyme of the Great River," is New Orleans. This story is somewhat less fervid and tragic, and the description of the Creole beauties is more human and less bewildering than that of the charms of the "Child of the Sun"—

"His love-land has ladies so fair, so fair,
In the Creole quarter with great black eyes—
So fair that the Mayor must keep them there
Lest troubles like troubles of Troy arise.
His love-land has ladies, with eyes held down,—
Held down, because if they lifted them,
Why you would be lost in that old French town,
Though you held even to God's garment hem."

In this poem there are some attractive verses and some strong passages, but the story is drawn out, and there is a reminiscence of the "Ancient Mariner" in the long protracted remorse and agony of the principal personage of the tale.

The pretty flowered cover of Miss Deland's little volume is a very fitting case for the graceful verses and numerous "flower poems" it encloses, so that the "Old Garden" seems to have overflowed its walls, and to blossom without as well as within the

¹ SONGS OF THE MEXICAN SEAS. By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887.

THE OLD GARDEN, AND OTHER VERSES. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

SKETCHES IN SONG. By George Lansing Raymond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

THE UNSEEN KING, AND OTHER VERSES. By Caroline Leslie Field. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

WIT, WISDOM, AND BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

pages. Most of the short poems are mere little fragments of verse, and are marked by the delicate finish of form that belongs to Herrick and his school. They show an easy handling of light, irregular verse, very well suited to the pretty airy conceits and fancies that it embodies. But there are one or two poems in the volume which show more individual thought, and more force of expression. The opening poem, "The Old Garden" has some charming lines, and there is a very attractive description of the perfumes of the old walled-in and forsaken garden refreshing the dusty streets which have crept close round it.

"The swaying flowers lift their sweet, wet eyes,
And bursts of perfume fill the shining air,
The drenched and dreary street feels vague surprise
At the strange fragrance overflowing there.
It is as though some wind of memory blew
Across the fields when earth was freshly ploughed,
Or over pastures, dim with early dew,
Or down from hilltops hid in wreaths of cloud."

The poem, "When Love and Sorrow Meet" is quite striking from the fullness of thought and dignity of manner. We have only space to quote a few verses:

"Dim in the distance, and scarce recognized
By frightened Love's upraised, appealing eyes,
Veiled by gray tears, with bended head, and dumb,
Down through the narrowing weeks does Sorrow come,—
Coming too surely, with unfaltering feet
To that appointed day they too shall meet."

"In vain, in vain, poor love, for thee to stay
The hurrying days that push thee on thy way;
In vain for thee to leave thine onward track,
Or thy weak hands to beat strong sorrow back,
In vain to cry, 'Oh, check thine awful pace:'
Still on she comes with veiled and hidden face:"

"But listen, Love, although she leads white Death,—
(Oh, listen, Love, and check that sobbing breath!)
Beneath her veil of closely falling tears,
Is not the face thy aching heart most fears,—
It is not bitter, Love, with frozen pain;
It is not cruel, though thou plead in vain!"

These verses can hardly fail to recall Watts's well-known picture of "Love and Death." They have the same strong personification, with a thrill of terror in it,—but with greater suggestion of the dread face that the veil conceals, and of the ultimate meaning of sorrow.

Miss Deland already shows a practised hand in verse, and manner at once free and finished. But the more she falls back upon the lessons she herself has learned from life, and the knowledge of joy and pain that come from her own emotional experience the stronger and better her work will be. For the truest poetical work is not merely a musical echo of the pleasures and sorrows of others, but it is what Rossetti has told us in his powerful sonnet:

"Magic mirror hast thou none
Except thy manifest heart; and save thine own
Anguish or ardor, else no amulet."

Mr. Raymond's volume contains a handful of short poems on various themes, and a larger poem, which he calls "Dramatic," entitled "Ideals made Real," somewhat in the manner of Browning. There is very little to be said of either part of the volume. The short poems are of moderate average merit, without any individuality of form or thought, and the dramatic poem is very metaphysical, and sometimes very obscure, and never particularly interesting. Books like this constantly renew the wonder what portion of the public has time or taste for such volumes of verse, when so much of real merit remains unread. Of course, an author and his friends and the newspapers absorb a few copies; but what becomes of the whole edition?

Mrs. Field's little volume of verses is not in any way striking. It is a slender, unpretentious collection of short poems, most of which are pleasing and thoughtful, but not in any way remarkable. "The Unseen King" is the largest poem in the volume and the strongest in thought and manner; but several of the short poems show pleasure in natural beauty and very tender human sympathies, a quality which almost always marks the poetry of women, and sometimes raises it by virtue of this emotional sensitiveness above the verse of men of stronger intellectual powers.

Mr. Ward has discovered the lamentable fact that "few at the present day have the leisure or interest to know Shakespeare thoroughly," . . . and that "a mere bowing acquaintance with most of the plays . . . is all with which most persons claiming a liberal education, can be credited. . . . With this object in view, all the passages in Shakespeare, long or short, which are of special significance, or distinguished by any inherent excellence . . . have been carefully sifted out from the great body of the poet's works, and collected together in a form which admits of their being used and appreciated by the most casual reader." The "casual reader,"

must be even more ignorant than that personage is usually supposed to be if his knowledge of Shakespeare is much increased or illumined by the contents of this volume. The best known passages from the best known plays are given, such as generally find in school "Readers" and commonplace books of selections. In "Winter's Tale" no notice is taken of the exquisite speeches of Perdita, some of the most heavenly lines Shakespeare ever wrote nor does the wit of Autolycus find favor with Mr. Ward. Numerous detached lines and passages are given, which are quite unmeaning when separated from the context, such as the following:—

"No, they are both whole as a fish."
"What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!"
"A looker on here in Vienna."
"Here comes the almanac of my true date."
"Sweet smoke of rhetoric."
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals."
"Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!"
"Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

There is never anywhere the slightest sequence of sense to give any idea of dramatic effect. Shakespeare was equally great as dramatist or poet, and no knowledge of him worthy the name could be gained by these dismembered fragments, any more than one could appreciate the greatness of a noble statue when hewed into bits. The "casual reader" would much more effectually increase his knowledge of Shakespeare by studying a single play thoroughly than by reading from end to end of this little volume.

E. H.

FERDINAND VANDEVEER HAYDEN.

IN the death of this distinguished geologist, which took place in this city on the morning of the 22d inst., the country loses one of its most noted scientists, and one who, by his indomitable energies, succeeded in building up perhaps the most comprehensive bureau of scientific exploration known either at home or abroad. We refer to the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories of the United States, which, although already existing at an earlier day, was first laid out on its present broad lines by Mr. Hayden, who also officiated in the capacity of Director for a period of nearly ten years. Under his able direction a very large part of the central region of the national domain, comprising portions of Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Utah, and New Mexico, was officially surveyed, and first made known in its true geological relations. The maps constructed of this region, while they have undergone certain modifications in the light of more recent and detailed explorations, still remain as some of the best specimens of cartography which this country has produced, and have on numerous occasions elicited warm admirations from the active workers in the same fields on the other side of the Atlantic. With a spirit friendly to science in all its branches, Mr. Hayden did not restrict the scope of his organization to geological and geographical inquiry alone, but sheltered under his wing also the collateral branches of Zoölogy and Palæontology, the publications pertaining to which are embodied in several quarto volumes from the pens of many of the most eminent naturalists of the country. Among these may be mentioned the very elaborate memoir on the North American Rodentia, by J. A. Allen and Elliot Coues, the history of the Geometrid Moths, by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr., and the sumptuously illustrated memoir on the North American Fresh-water Rhizopoda, by Dr. Joseph Leidy. The ponderous volumes on the palæontology of the West, by Profs. Cope and Leidy, illustrative of the wealth of animal remains to which attention was first called by Mr. Hayden, form part of the same series, and furnish the greater part of the material toward the elucidation of the extinct vertebrate fauna of the United States.

Mr. Hayden cannot be considered to have been a geologist whose attention was directed either toward specialization or the solution of abstract problems, and there are few of the many vexed questions in geological science which received studied consideration from him. His grasp was a wide one, and he aimed at elucidating the broad structural features of a country which was still largely in the nature of a terra incognita. In this he was a pioneer eminently qualified by his great executive ability. Few scientists have been more highly honored by scientific bodies. Mr. Hayden was the recipient of upwards of fifty medals and diplomas bestowed by foreign societies and academies, of many of which he was elected honorary member.

During the American Civil War, Dr. Hayden was actively engaged as Medical Officer, and after the close of hostilities was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious services. He held the chair of Geology and Mineralogy at the University of Pennsylvania for several years after 1865, and obtained much popularity through the enthusiasm displayed in his lectures. Dr. Hayden was 58 years of age at the time of his death.

A. H.

REVIEWS.

OLDEN-TIME MUSIC. By Henry M. Brooks. ("Ye Olden Time Series.") Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE author of the present volume has done other work on the lines of this, marked by the same weakness of general design, however agreeable the books may be in parts. There is a standard expression about authors furnishing things which while not very complete may be turned to good effect by succeeding and more thorough workers; "providing material for history," is the way in which this shifting of labor is often put; but in noting that remark we have as often thought that it would be more becoming, and workmanlike, and dignified, if these writers at first hand had made more effort to cast their material into historical shape themselves. Mr. Brooks it seems to us is one of the worst of these handers over of responsibility. Properly, his books are not books at all,—or at most they are only scrap books. His "Strange and Curious Punishments" annoyed while it fascinated us, and his "Olden-Time Music" is an even more serious shortcoming. True it only professes to be a compilation,—but why should its profession be so narrowed? That is the provoking point. Mr. Brooks is clearly so intelligent, so entirely able to make a coherent, continuous, and consistent history, or historical sketch, that we have a right to complain of this lumping together without sequence or elucidation of a bare mass of scraps. It is indigestible, while it might have been made nourishing, and it is unfair to ask another to go over the work and arrange it properly; useless, too, for the deliver of old records would still get the credit, though he had done but part of the work, and bookmakers are none too ready to work on those terms.

When however we become used to Mr. Brooks' ideas of book-making we are able to get much entertainment from the stores of curious things his industry has provided. "Olden-Time Music" offers another proof of the value of the newspaper, and shows that there is hardly a field that could be named—artistic, social, industrial—in which the old newspaper could not be made renewedly interesting by an investigator of patience who knew where to look for salient things and rightly apprehend them when he saw them. Mr. Brooks has simply dug into a few New England newspapers, principally of Boston and Salem, but it is astonishing what quantities of diverting and instructive things he has brought to light. His title is misleading, for while the music of which he treats is undoubtedly olden-time music the subject might be thought to be a general one, whereas it applies almost wholly to the towns of Boston and Salem. Philadelphia is mentioned once, (referring to a memorable sacred concert given at the German Reformed Church on Race street in 1786, in which 250 vocal and 50 instrumental performers took part, and supposed to have been the most complete undertaking up to that period in music known in America), and there are a very few scattered allusions to New York and other localities, but olden time music in Massachusetts is what Mr. Brooks' clippings and copies really elucidate. Making these allowances and corrections, a huge fund of enjoyment may be found in this book by devotees of what is truly the art universal,—that art which makes precisely the same appeal to all civilized people, whatever their differences of race, language, habits or religion.

We have said so much in disparagement of Mr. Brooks' methods that we have no mind to further particularize regarding his faulty arrangement of chapters, etc., but may briefly declare that the book, taking its material broadly, divides itself, if it has not been formally divided, into three main parts—New England church music, singing schools, and public performances, and matters relating to the harpsichord, spinet, and other precursors of the piano-forte, and to early music books and sheet music. On all of these heads Mr. Brooks has collected a mass of suggestive records ranging from about 1730 to 1830. Some of his excerpts are from books, diaries, and the like, but most of them are from newspaper advertisements and notices of performances. One of the most interesting sections gives a good idea of the gradual adoption of the organ by New England churches, and if we could have had provided a summarized view of this subject as applying to all the Atlantic coast cities, the obligation would be all the greater. This olden-time music—at least in New England—we need hardly say was nearly all religious. Having its rise and head in psalmody, the singing school on the same lines was hardly more than the church carried to the schoolhouse or town hall, while presently along came "the great Mr. Handel," with his oratorios, which so perfectly fitted themselves to the temper of the time and the people as to prolong the controlling influence of the hymnal in New England. By far the greater number of Mr. Brooks' illustrations are of this nature. Even in his programmes, agreeably printed in fac-simile, it is observed that the great Mr. Handel and his congeners are nearly all that Boston and New England had to rely on for popular entertainment. Not only does

Mr. Brooks reproduce numbers of programmes and notices of concerts, but he gives accounts of the importation and manufacture of instruments, advertisements of music teachers, lists of publications, in books and sheets, etc., all of very true interest to those who care for the general subject. The matter is not well embodied or written up to,—is often not even edited,—yet no shortcomings of arrangement can destroy its value. G. W. A.

WINTER: FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Pp. 439. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Perhaps no book could be more difficult to remark upon, critically or otherwise, than this, the most recent of the post-humous volumes by Thoreau. Composed of extracts from his journals of twenty years, it nowhere offers an approach to an exhaustive discussion of any subject, but treats in a sketchy, lively, but never flippant manner of the more prominent features of each day's ramble or of each day's train of thought. It is, therefore, two volumes in one; one subject being the natural history of Concord and vicinity; the other the author's opinions of modern politics, social customs, and general trend of thought of the wise community in which he lived. The book will therefore prove of value to two very distinct classes, the lovers of nature and the fanciers of metaphysical discussions.

The naturalist will possibly not find anything new to him in the book, but will find familiar facts treated in a manner so charming that these pages can be read and re-read with undiminished pleasure. Neither before nor since his time has there been a nature-writer comparable to Thoreau, nor is it at all probable there ever will be.

The flippant expression, "history repeats itself" in this case demands too much; for the appearance of another Thoreau means another Concord of a half century ago, another Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and others, that to a greater or less degree had their influence upon him. Born anywhere, he would have proved a man of mark; but born just when and where he was, his peculiar talents were surrounded with the best possible conditions.

As we read, the thought continually arises, what would his books have been, had Thoreau lived? So particular was he concerning literary merit, it is to be feared that many a choice bit of these journals would have been cancelled.

In one of the last letters he wrote (or dictated) occurs the remark: "If I were to live, I should have much to report—on Natural History generally." That he could have rearranged the materials that are scattered through the journals, so far as published, is doubtful. Their merit lies in the brief but telling sentences of a note book intended for no eyes but his own. We have the impression that each plant and animal made at the time, with now and then a quaint reflection that the object suggests. This really is what the average reader wants to know, and when the fact is the central object of an inimitable pen picture, the reader who asks for more deserves nothing.

Of Thoreau's writings on other than natural history subjects we do not feel competent to express an opinion. Indeed, it is not always readily determined what he really does mean, so paradoxical are many of his expressions; and yet, while we may be in doubt, it is always pleasant reading; this unusual condition resulting from the great interest every reader takes in the author himself, he being none the less loved because not thoroughly comprehended. Evident as it is, that Thoreau was deeply interested in the Indian, it is strange that so few references are made in his journals to the Indian antiquities of the classic neighborhood he so exhaustively explored. The writer, not long since, arranged in cases devoted to them, in the Cambridge museum of American archaeology, the several hundred Indian stone implements found by Thoreau, and many of them are of such beauty and suggestiveness that it is difficult to believe he made no special reference to them. If he did, then such extracts from his journals are due the public.

But the luminous and voluminous journals happily fell into sympathetic hands and why, as we presume is the case, if there be unpublished manuscripts, are they not made public? Surely what remains can readily be put into readable shape; and we but echo the legion of Thoreau's admirers when we pray that one set of his works may be made absolutely complete. C. C. A.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN. (With Asides to Young Women.) By Robert Collyer. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

NOTES FOR BOYS, (AND THEIR FATHERS), on Morals, Mind, and Manners. By an Old Boy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

LETTERS TO ELDER DAUGHTERS, MARRIED AND UNMARRIED. By Helen Ekin Starrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Their titles show these three volumes to belong to the same department of literature. All are in the nature of advice to young people from advisers whose mature experience is presumed to be

of value. Mr. Collyer's is evidently made up of sermons, or "talks," and Mrs. Starrett's of contributions to a periodical, while the other, which is a reprint of an English book, was probably original in its present shape. It must be said, too, of the "Notes for Boys" that it is a work of much more breadth and philosophy than either of the others,—which are stimulating and helpful, doubtless, but not so thoughtful or so suggestive of thought.

It would require an elaborate analysis to do justice to the contents of the three books. The advice which Experience offers to the young is boundless in amount, and relates directly or indirectly to an almost limitless range of subjects. Thus the English writer discourses upon many moral and mental qualities—unselfishness, truth, honesty, courage, manliness, energy, perseverance, courtesy, gentleness, generosity, thrift, purity, chastity, temperance, patience, forbearance, modesty, humility, contentment, family affection, home duties, etc.; and besides these he considers the subjects of ambition, religion, studies, books, health, conversation, sports, and amusements, dress, the choice of a profession, the choice of friends, and the relations of men and women. Here, indeed, is a vast field. The whole great scope of human duties is outlined.

The counsel given in "Notes for Boys" is thoroughly good. If a contrast to the letters of Lord Chesterfield were desired, this would furnish it at many points. Thus, his opening advice is in favor of unselfishness. That,—including in its broadest meaning self-denial and self-sacrifice,—he declares "the noblest of all the virtues." And he adds of it that while it is a virtue exclusively human, it is also especially Christian. "The heroes of old—Greeks, Romans, Norsemen—were brave and stoical, but they had little or no conception of the beauty and grandeur of unselfishness." He cites as examples of such courage of brave self-denial Father Mathew visiting the cholera patients, and Catharine Douglas thrusting her arms into the door staple to save King James; but he gives also many suggestive instances where in the simple details of every-day life a lad may show himself unselfish.

Mrs. Starrett's little book is thoroughly American. The topics she takes up and the discussion she gives them relate to our own experience in this country. And her views are very good and helpful, while her way of presenting them is always entertaining and often bright.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

MR. E. N. KIRBY'S "Vocal and Action Language" has made reputation as a superior work on elocution, and the new edition just issued by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, will extend the usefulness and influence of the book. A departure from the original plan has been made in this edition to the extent of changing it from a book of principles exclusively, to one of exercises adapted to courses of drill. It is now besides being a handbook of oratory, vocal culture, expression, gesture, etc., a graded course of practical exercise in public speaking. Mr. Kirby is instructor of elocution at Harvard and a person of authority in his specialty.

"Faith's Festivals," by Mary Lakeman, is a dainty little holiday volume in white and gold, finely printed on extra toned paper, and slightly but neatly illustrated. The "Festivals" are five chapters in a girl's life, in which "Faith" learns the virtue and blessing of charity, helpfulness, and remuneration.

"The Angel of the Village," from the German of L. M. Ohorn, by Mrs. Matthews, (Cupples & Hurd, Boston), is a novelette having the good and bad points of this class of fiction about equally distributed. It has a real story to tell, but tells it with tiresome detail; it is honest and pure in tone, with a distinctly religious inspiration, but is lugubrious and unduly sentimental. We made similar points upon German fiction quite recently and need not repeat. A Black Forest village is the scene of the tale and the "angel" of it is a young girl whose unobtrusive goodness and strength of character is of the greatest help to her associates in times of divers severe trials,—fever, flood, workman's strikes, etc. We can but respect the evident conscientiousness and devotion to high ideals which animate writers of this order, the while we regret that they do not endeavor to cultivate an easier and more "readable" style.

Mr. Ivan Panin has put out through Messrs. Cupples & Hurd, Boston, a second series of "Thoughts," made up, like the first, of epigrammatic views of life, religion and duty. We do not, under the circumstances, see the precise need the world has for this wisdom of Mr. Panin's,—but a good many books are on the same case, and at least there is nothing to object to in this particular instance.

"Andy Merrigan's Great Discovery, and Other Irish Tales," by F. M. Allen, (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is a little book of a good deal of merit. Mr. Allen knows his ground very thoroughly and he has contrived to collect a number of suggestive and humorous illustrations of Irish character, which will be found

both entertaining and instructive. The tales, seven in number, are supposed to be told by a quaint old peasant met by the author on his travels; they are legendary, historical, social—an odd and agreeable melange which many readers, we have no question, will find more to the purpose as mental relaxation than they would works of greater real consequence. Perhaps the best of the stories are "Andy Merrigan's Discovery," "From Portlaw to Paradise," and "The Last of the Dragoons," but each of them has some significant touch to commend it.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

IN this city, on the 21st inst., died Mr. Charles H. Marot, aged 62. He had published the *Gardener's Monthly* for twenty-five years and about ten years ago purchased the New York *Horticulturalist* and combined the two journals. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and an able, worthy man. He had done some book publishing, and brought out, years ago, an edition of the "Studies" of John A. Dorgan, poems which have not yet received the attention they deserve.

"Frank R. Stockton's literary career," says *Public Opinion*, "is very encouraging to young authors who feel that they are not appreciated. It is said that for a long time Stockton's productions were a standing joke in the publishing houses. His manuscript was known to publishers a long while before his delicious humor had a chance to reach the public. He was persevering and hopeful, however, and at last the magazines began to print his productions. He is now a great favorite." Nothing could possibly be more incorrect than this. "Ting-a-Ling" was published before Mr. Stockton had abandoned the profession of wood engraving, but a publisher was secured for it without difficulty, almost as soon as he had definitely adopted literature. Mr. Stockton secured responsible editorial work, and being identified with *Hearth and Home*, *St. Nicholas*, etc., he was on "the inside," as the phrase goes, from the start. While his big returns have doubtless only come in within the last few years, there was but little time, if any, after he regularly gave himself to writing, when his manuscript was not in demand. It would, indeed, not be easy to name an American writer whose path has been more uniformly smooth than Mr. Stockton's.

The translation of Zola's "La Terre" has been confiscated by the German government.—Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an enlarged edition of "Ballads of Books" for Messrs. Longman.—Mr. Froude is a most industrious writer; his new book of travels, "The English in the West Indies," is already in press (Longmans), in London.

D. Appleton & Co. are preparing for subscription sale in five sections, of twenty plates and eighty pages of descriptive text, each, "Artistic Country Seats," consisting of types of recent American villa and cottage architecture. The prints will be from nature, by a new American process, on India paper, mounted on heavy plate paper. Mr. George William Sheldon will be responsible for the letter press. One thousand copies will be printed, and no more.

The memoirs of General Sheridan will be published early in the new year, by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. They will fill two large volumes, in all more than a thousand pages. Messrs. Webster have also nearly ready Mrs. General Custer's long expected work entitled "Tenting on the Plains."

Rider Haggard is said to have already received over \$5,000 from Cassell & Co. for the copyright of his "King Solomon's Mines." The story adds that he sold them the work at a time when he had only written two other works, both of which were far from being examples of conspicuous success. The arrangements he then made entitle him to a royalty upon each copy that is sold, and by the end of the year this royalty will have yielded him close upon \$6,000.

Bohn's Library now numbers seven hundred volumes, and since the enterprise was started at least four million books have been sold. A shilling edition will be started with the new year.

Fenimore Cooper, Edward Eggleston, Louisa Alcott, Henry James, and Lew Wallace, are among the Americans whose writings have been translated into Danish this year.

Palmer Cox's "The Brownies, Their Book" has been very successful; it has already gone into a third edition.—Ginn & Co. will have ready in February "The Vicar of Wakefield," annotated for schools.—Mr. John Morley's address on "Aphorisms," delivered lately in Edinburgh, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in a small volume.

A correspondent of the London *Academy* tells of the discovery, at his instance, of a new autograph signature of John Harvard. It is affixed, with that of his brother Thomas, "Citizen and Cloth-worker of London," to a counterpart lease of certain property owned by the Hospital of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London.

The instrument, which has ever since been preserved among the muniments of the Hospital, bears date July 29, 1635. Entire facsimiles of it are being executed.

Laurence Hutton is revising a new edition (the fourth) of his hand-book, "Literary Landmarks of London." He has prepared a supplement for it, recording the changes in London in the years since the book first appeared.

Various stories are current concerning the autobiography of Garibaldi, now definitely known to be in existence, and to which we recently referred. One of these said that the manuscript was in such a confused condition and so bulky that it was impossible to print it. It appears, however, that this is not true, and it is now announced that the autobiography will soon appear in a volume of 500 pages. Garibaldi's manuscript is said to be copied out very neatly by him and to take up only 667 pages of printing-paper.

Madame Limousin who has become notorious in connection with the Caffarel scandal intends to publish a book. It will be named "Les Chatiments," and will contain a history of her experiences.—Mr. Charles Wingate, dramatic critic of the *Boston Journal*, has in press "The Playgoer's Year Book," telling the story of the stage in Boston for 1887.—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press an authorized translation by Nathan Haskell Dole, of "Maximina," a new novel by Don Armando Valdes, whose "Marquis of Penalta" was received with much favor.

The "Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time," on which Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson have been at work for several years, is to be published by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. It is a treasury for which students of literature have been waiting with considerable impatience, since it was first announced as in course of preparation. Each of the ten octavo volumes will contain over 500 pages; and among the 150 full-page portraits (fifteen in each volume) will be many noticeable for their intrinsic value or great scarcity. The work will be published by subscription.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE new editor of the *Moscow Gazette* is Mr. Petropsky, a man of forty, a professor of law, but not, it is said, at home in modern languages.

The recent publication of a letter from Nathaniel Hawthorne, construed by some to show disloyalty to the Union cause in '62, has drawn an explanation and defense, with several additional letters from Hawthorne bearing on the subject, from a school and life friend of the novelist, Horatio Bridge. It will appear in the *January Century*.

The *Medical Record's* report of the recent International Medical Congress at Washington is said to have cost Messrs. William Wood & Co. more than \$4,000. It was distributed gratuitously, and translations into French and German were made at the publisher's expense.

Mrs. Herbert Jones will contribute to a forthcoming number of the *Century Magazine* a collection of unpublished letters from Lord Nelson. The paper will be illustrated by portraits of Nelson never hitherto engraved.

The January number of the *American Magazine of American History* is strikingly good. Among the contributors are Wharton Dickinson, Dr. Prosper Bender, General Marcus T. Wright, and William J. Davies.

ART.

THE NEW ART CLUB'S OPENING.

ON Tuesday evening last The Art Club opened the doors of its new house on South Broad street with a dispensation of elegant hospitality promising well for the enlistment of social interest in promoting the objects of the organization. The Club has a beautiful home, richly and tastefully furnished, judiciously decorated, and almost lavishly supplied with costly appointments, while at the same time an air of comfort and serviceableness pervades the apartments rarely attained except by years of cumulative effort.

The house warming was marked by an exhibition of pictures and other works of art which remains open to visitors on invitation through the week. The collection is not very large, there being but 266 numbers in the catalogue, including an impromptu exhibit of architectural designs. Further, it is necessarily of a miscellaneous character, and there are but few works that would be noted as important in either of the established annual exhibitions. It is, however, an unusually interesting display, offering a large proportion of charming pictures of the sort that people of

culture like to have in their homes. Nearly every work except the portraits would make a welcome addition to any picture buyer's treasures.

The portraits are a strong feature, so to speak, and embrace a wide range of work, from an archaic "Duchess of Marlborough," by Sir Godfrey Kneller, to a lovely "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by C. Colin Cooper, a pastel of decided merit. The strongest piece of portraiture is Thomas Eakins' "Professor Barker," a life-size three-quarter length, displaying rare power of modelling and of projecting the figure in space. Miss Cecelia Beaux has a half length, life-size figure, well drawn, and painted with direct simplicity. Miss Elizabeth B. Justice contributes a "Study of a Head," a very pleasing effect of color and a life-like, expressive countenance. Bernhard Uhle also has a study of a head, a Moor in native costume, delineated with the conscientious care Mr. Uhle gives to all his undertakings.

The most important landscape with figures is Harry R. Poore's "French Plow Horses Frightened by a Passing Train," a ponderous title for a ponderous picture. Only one of the horses shows much alarm and he is not very badly scared. But they are fine animals and admirably well studied. The figure of the plowman too is vigorously handled and spirited in action. The same artist has a village street scene in gray twilight, one of those quiet French rural bits that prove so attractive to American artists,—and to American buyers too, for that matter.

Prosper L. Senat, who has now returned from the coast of Maine, has five numbers in the catalogue; presumably the fruits of his summer's work. These are "The Anchorage, Biddeford Pool," "Along the Shore," "A Bright Morning," "Clearing Up," and "Evening, Portland Harbor." These are the subjects Mr. Senat has been dealing with for several years and he treats them with the same fresh touch and breath of atmospheric effect as heretofore, but with a richer palette and more sensitive appreciation of what in shop talk is called tone values.

A marine that will attract much attention is Alexander Harrison's sketch "The Wave," a study for the large picture of the same name exhibited at the American Art Galleries in New York. It is luminous and beautifully harmonious, showing most of the high qualities that made the larger picture a centre of attraction at the exhibition mentioned.

At the north end of the large drawing-room is Mr. G. H. Smilie's "Light and Shadow Along Shore," a vigorous study of light effect on a bold over-hanging cliff, with a dark shadow from cloud on the water. Facing this at the south end of the room is Mr. Sword's "Making Harbor out of the Fog," a schooner under full sail laboring heavily through the mist; one of the best marines Mr. Sword has ever shown. He is also represented by several other works. On the same wall is a characteristic bit of Oriental interior by F. A. Bridgeman, strong in light and shade, and rich in color. In this room are also two bronzes by J. J. Boyle, one a reduced copy of his "Stone Age," and the other a group entitled "Tired Out," a mother fallen asleep with two little ones reposing in her arms.

In an adjoining room is a noticeable work by F. J. Waugh, called, "A Chestnutting Party," also a pathetic little picture by Miss Phoebe Natt, "A Child Musician." Near this is Mr. Morgan McIlhenny's "Brook," in which the interest is centred more in the figure of a young girl than in the brook. Mr. Cariss' picture of a group of boys crabbing is also in this room.

Among other works deserving mention, may be named Mr. Wm. Hart's "Breezy Day with Cattle," "Fog and Sunshine," by J. C. Nicoll; C. Y. Turner's "Fish Story," J. B. Bristol's "Haying Time near Middlebury, Vt.," "A Lowery Day," by F. K. M. Rehn; a landscape by Geo. Inness; a group of dogs by Herman Simon; a characteristic November landscape, by H. Bolton Jones. Mrs. H. C. Hovenden has an unnamed still life, painted with such unaffected confidence and competent grasp of both subjects and of means at the artist's command as to make the pictures in its neighborhood look needy and commonplace. Miss Alice Barber has a well-executed pastel, and Miss Blanche Dillaye and Mrs. E. L. Getchell are represented by charming etchings.

Other well-known names in the catalogue are those of E. H. Blashfield, J. Wells Champney, W. M. Chase, D. Huntington, Ferris McEntee, Peter Moran, Arthur Paxton, Hamilton Hamilton, Gilbert Gaul, Stephen Parrish, Fred. Dielmann, Thos. B. Craig M. F. H. De Haas, Charles Linford, Wm. Sartain, Walter Satterlee, Geo. B. Wood, and J. L. Williams.

J. V. S.

NOTES.

THE exhibition of the Architectural League, heretofore mentioned, opened on the 19th inst., and proved even more attractive than its promoters expected. The competition for a memorial clock- and bell-tower brought out forty drawings, several of

which have been highly commended. An artistic feature of the exhibition is a loan collection of decorative objects applicable to architectural designs; this collection being in charge of a committee of artists. A series of twelve mural tablets illustrating the months, contributed by Galand, constitutes a noticeable feature, and there are also panels, by La Farge, Dewing, Church, Shirlaw, Blashfield, and Beckwith. The exhibition will remain open until January 6th.

Mr. John J. Boyle has received from Paris a reduction in bronze of his group, entitled "The Stone Age." It is an exact reproduction of the original, and is about one third life size. At the same time came his group modelled in Florence, entitled "Tired Out." This is also in bronze and of the same proportions as the "Stone Age."

Mr. Prosper L. Senat writes from Kennebunkport, Maine, that he has built a permanent studio there and will remain at work in that vicinity until after the Holidays, or long enough to make studies of the winter scenery on the Maine Coast. Meantime he has sent a collection of etchings and water colors to Lindsay, of Walnut street, and, later, his oil sketches and pictures will be on exhibition at his studio in the Baker Building.

The thirty-seventh exhibition of the Boston Art Club, limited to oil paintings, will open on Friday, January 13, and close Saturday, February 11. Contributions will be received from December 29, to January 5. The sum of \$1,500 has been appropriated for the purchase of one or more pictures by the Club.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

PRE-GLACIAL MAN AND THE ARYAN RACE. A History of Creation, and of the Birthplace and Wanderings of Men in Central Asia, from B. C. 32,500 to B. C. 8,000, [Etc.] By Lorenzo Burge. Pp. 272. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

SPEECHES, ETC., BY JAMES BOWEN EVERHART. Pp. 144. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN. (WITH ASIDES TO YOUNG WOMEN.) By Robert Olyer. Pp. 233. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

POEMS BY DAVID ATWOOD WASSON. Pp. 165. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

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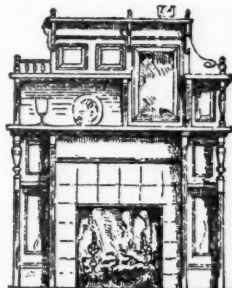
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DRIFT.

THE Philadelphia Bulletin, (Rep.), in its issue of December 23, says: "Mr Wharton Barker, who has offered himself to the Republicans of Montgomery county as a candidate for delegate to the Chicago convention, has written a sensible letter on the political situation which all Republicans can read with profit. Mr. Barker frankly declares that, if he should be chosen as a delegate, he will go to the convention not in the interest of James G. Blaine, but as the supporter of a more available candidate like John Sherman, Benjamin H. Harrison or Joseph R. Hawley.

"Mr. Barker's letter on the subject voices the sentiments of many Republicans, who cannot contemplate the renomination of Mr. Blaine without apprehension. They can see no good reason, conceived in an honest desire for the welfare of the Republican party, why the party should again invite upon itself the peril of 1884, which in 1888 would be even greater than it was then. They are not willing to believe that the true and only test of Republicanism is personal devotion to the fortunes of Mr. Blaine. In fact, they believe that to place him in nomination once more would be, in the words of Mr. Barker, a 'desperate experiment.'

"There ought to be no mincing of words in the consideration of this question. The plain fact apparent to every Republican who is clear-headed and dispassionate, and who looks upon his party as greater than any man, is that Mr. Blaine would be the candidate whom it would be most difficult to elect. It is impossible to see any ground for the assumption that he is stronger than he was when he was defeated. The duty of every fair and impartial organ of Republican opinion is to point out this condition of affairs with all the emphasis of which it is capable. If Mr. Blaine in his European retreats does not know this through the communications of overzealous friends, it ought to be made clear to him through the public expressions of Republican newspapers and Republican leaders.

"There is no desire to raise any question of personal antagonism to Mr. Blaine. It would be well if a candidate as brilliant as he is could be found to lead the Republican party in the coming contest. But brilliant candidates have never been safe ones, and Mr. Blaine is no exception to this almost irrevocable rule of our political history. The same feeling which impelled many of the Whig admirers to deny to Henry Clay in 1848 the opportunity of a vindication which he was anxious to obtain after his defeat in 1844, now prevails in the minds of many Republicans who have no quarrel with Mr. Blaine, but whose regard for the Republican party is greater than their regard for him."

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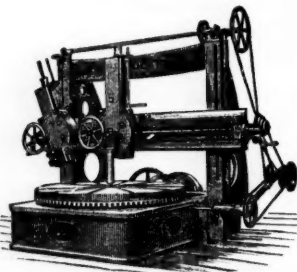
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STEPHEN A. CALDWELL, President.

JOHN B. GEST, Vice-President, and in charge of the Trust Department.

ROBERT PATTERSON, Treasurer and Secretary.

CHAS. ATHERTON, Assistant Treasurer.

R. L. WRIGHT, Jr., Assistant Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

STEPHEN A. CALDWELL, WILLIAM H. MERRICK,
EDWARD W. CLARK, JOHN B. GEST,
GEORGE F. TYLER, EDWARD T. STEEL,
HENRY C. GIBSON, THOMAS DRAKE,
THOMAS MCKEAN, C. A. GRISCOM,
JOHN C. BULLITT.

—THE—

INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA,

310 CHESTNUT STREET.

CAPITAL, \$4,000,000. FULL PAID.

Conducts a general Banking business.
Allows Interest on Deposits, Subject to Check; or on Certificates.

Buys and Sells Bills of Exchange, drawing on Baring Bros. & Co., London. Also on Paris, Berlin, and Hamburg.

Negotiates Securities, Railroad, State, Municipal, etc.

Offers for Sale First-class Investment Securities.

OFFICERS:

WILLIAM BROCKIE, President.
WHARTON BARKER, Vice President.
HENRY M. HOYT, Jr., Treasurer.
ETHELBERT WATTS, Secretary.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM BROCKIE, WHARTON BARKER,
GEORGE S. PEPPER, HENRY C. GIBSON,
MORTON MCMICHAEL, T. WISTAR BROWN,
ISAAC H. CLOTHIER.

INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANIES.

THE AMERICAN FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office in Company's Building,

308 & 310 Walnut St., Phila.

CASH CAPITAL, \$500,000.00

RESERVED FOR REINSURANCE AND ALL OTHER CLAIMS, 1,383,298.65

SURPLUS OVER ALL LIABILITIES, 461,120.10

TOTAL ASSETS, OCTOBER 1ST, 1887,

\$2,344,418.75.

DIRECTORS:

T. H. MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER BIDDLE,
JOHN T. LEWIS, CHAS. P. PEROT,
ISRAEL MORRIS, JOS. E. GILLINGHAM,
P. S. HUTCHINSON, SAMUEL WELSH,
CHARLES S. WHELEN,

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RICHARD MARIS, Secretary.
JAMES B. YOUNG, Actuary.

INSURANCE AT ACTUAL COST.

CHARTERED 1835.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

BOSTON,

SURPLUS - - - - - \$2,395,450.73

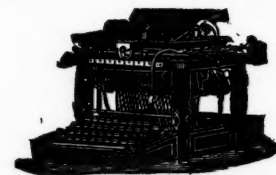
No speculative features. Annual returns of surplus. Yearly progressive cash values fixed by Massachusetts law, indorsed on every policy. Equal to an interest-bearing bond, with insurance at nominal cost. An excellent collateral. No forfeiture.

Attention is also called to the NEW FEATURE IN LIFE INSURANCE adopted by this company, of issuing Endowment Policies for precisely the same premium heretofore charged for whole Life Policies.

BENJ. F. STEVENS, JOS. M. GIBBENS,
President, Secretary

MARSTON & WAKELIN, - GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 226 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia:

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THE REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER.

IN this age of Telegraphs, Typewriters, and Telephones, when competition is pushed to the last extremity, the progressive business man will readily see that it is to his interest to adopt the latest and most improved office fixtures that tend to insure promptness and accuracy in business.

Write for large illustrated pamphlet.

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